

First Principles in Religion, Morals, Government, and the Economy of Life

501:30

PROSPECTS

NUMBER NINE

[illegible]

that when she came around (as so affectionately stroking her curls, as if they were the windows of her soul) she was about to ask assistance, but on all continued and unceasing, were only made happy by her friendly tokens.

Had Maggie a landscape, rather she would sit listlessly looking out of the window, while one clear, particular friend prepared her materials, standing yet in the sky, still another the foliage, and so on, until her artistic taste was fully gratified.

Had Maggie a difficult problem to solve, there was none nearer to her heart, than that she had no mathematics. She said, who would leave her some time any time to accommodate to kind a friend. Maggie's ordinary compositions were simple and pretty enough, but when public exercises took place, no one could surpass her, and even our best writer, Lizzie Thoughtful, whose graceful stylized fertile imagination, sometimes betrayed itself in Maggie's applauded essays.

Maggie had only to plan an exercise with her peculiar look and tone, and the teacher at once yielded to the music, she is inflexible, while the rest of its needs must plod along, day after day, without rest or cessation.

In the gentleman's department, Maggie's empire was equally successful. No one disputed her right to rule and reign, as the many rose colored billets and mysterious packages that found their way to her desk, fully testified.

Although Maggie was one of a numerous family, she never relieved her mother or eldest sister of the slightest domestic charge. She could not put her fingers in warm water, because it made them red, or in cold water because it made them hard, sweeping made her so dusty, and cooking spoiled her complexion: the fine ironing and clear starching, sister Sarah could do so much nicer, and washing dishes was little girl's work, just suited to Hattie and Fanny. Such were her ready excuses, and her mother knew her too well to insist. She always managed to keep the right side of Bridget, who in return for her worn out and faded ribbons and laces, kept her room in fine order.

Hattie and Fanny were here her most obedient servants, from morning till night. They ran for her gloves and parasol, if she wanted to walk out, or for the fan if she was warm; or stood by her side while she arranged her toilet, in case a pin or string should be missing when she wanted it. Sister Sarah worked her fine collars, and supplied from her own well-stocked wardrobe, any missing article; in fact sister Sarah's neatly arranged drawers were her unending resource.

When Maggie left school, she became an unmerciful heart breaker. Yet, nothing daunted by the ill-success of rejected lovers, a new hopeful was always ready to sue for her heart and hand. Each candidate was used as long as serviceable, and then discarded, with as much indifference as a carpenter may be supposed to reject a useless tool.

When at last, Maggie Shirr had flitted to her heart's content, and the business was growing wearisome, she suddenly became the petted wife of a wealthy widower, who lived in a well furnished mansion, on the summit of Prospect Hill. — Esq. Easy had been dancing round Maggie for about a year and a half, and as he had no innumerable in the shape of children, was thought to be a great acquisition in the shape of the dashing widows and spruce spinster within twenty five miles.

The sticking point with Maggie was a handsome young lawyer with small fortune, and while she was vacillating between the two, Esq. Easy decided to go abroad for a year or more, and that decision turned the scale in his favor.

What a contrast was Lizzie Thoughtful, who loved the pale, intellectual looking student, with lean nose, high forehead, and green glasses. Lizzie loved him because he was good, because he was great, and last but not least, because he loved her. So Lizzie accepted the first offer and became the wife of Professor — of the Young Men's Institute. Poor Lizzie commended householding with four small rooms in the Institute wing.

It never disturbs her refined taste, to put her sphere below in the parlor, but as there was no alternative, she excused herself with the reflection, that she was married the most gifted man to have, and owned the finest library.

If Maggie Shirr possessed the noblest house, Lizzie Thoughtful possessed the true husband, which the latter deemed a more honorable source of joy and pride.

Two years have passed away, and Maggie Shirr is now happily, only as the married Mrs. Easy, wife of Esq. of Prospect Hill. We have assumed the task, in our next number, to analyze the blessedness.

—Wouldn't Mrs. Easy's legs freeze in the winter, for so convenient society? suggested one of a dozen friends, who were seated around a chilly, white-strewn table, with much difficulty, in the dark, paragon-strewn room.

"A fine place, truly, a good house, and full of everything. Suppose we ask her," said one of the number of the last group.

"I have asked her many times," said Mrs. Fitch. "And so have I," echoed the President, Mrs. Lee.

"And what did she say?" asked half a dozen in one breath.

"Oh! Sometimes it was a lame shoulder, or a weak back, and once she was afraid of not going to be asked."

Here Mrs. Lee was interrupted by a chorus of voices, and an ill suppressed titter.

"Now, did I ever," said grand mother Fable, laughing away her spectacles, and then wiping them energetically upon her silk pocket handkerchief.

"She don't believe in sewing societies, nor donations," said Sally Wilson, "and when old Deacon Merwin went upon the hill, to get her sign for Deacon Fitch, she said she thought if brother Fitch couldn't live on \$400, these hard times, 'twas strange; so she said she had to economize, she needed a shawl, and the Square needed a coat."

She needed a shawl! said Mrs. Lee. "She had a fifty dollar one, not long ago."

"To be sure she did," chimed Sally Wilson, "and those Turkey carpets must have cost a unit of money, say nothing of her new silver tea service."

"Well, sister Wilson, we ought to be charitable, I think," said Mrs. Merwin, the Deacon's wife: "we've never had sister Easy's temptations."

"The Lord grant we never may," said Mrs. Wells with a deep drawn sigh.

"Would the ladies like to hear an interesting article from the last Missionary paper?" said a clear musical voice, that had not before been raised.

"I think we all would," said Mrs. Fitch. All are silent, with Professor B's wife, (our Lizzie Thoughtful), rises to the front.

Sweet Lizzie has changed since; the soft, nut-brown curls we all loved so well, are a trifle less luxuriant; the downy cheeks less peach-like, but as she raises her eyes at the close of a sentence, we see new expressions of beauty gathered there. Maturity of thought has added intense interest to her face, while the happy wife and devoted mother are truly mirrored.

We need not ask if olive plants cheer her brow; the tell-tale face, reveals the whole story of her loves and cares.

Lizzie has left the Institute wing, for a cozy two story dwelling. The little girl she took from the Orphan Asylum, nine years ago, is a woman now, and shares with her kind benefactress the household burden. The Professor has grown in wisdom and in public esteem sufficiently to realize the fondest hopes of aspiring girlhood.

Lizzie's fine jewel boys, tied in their noble, truthful faces, which Lizzie is, and has been doing. They eat their supper of mush and milk, and their breakfasts of fried mush, or simple johnny cake, with a hearty relish for the Professor is not rich, although with Lizzie's help, he has become owner of their happy home.

When the subscription paper is presented at the Professor's, and one pleads poverty that is always something there for brother Fitch.

New books and choice critical aids are obtained by their ready sale, and it is visible, that some of them have been the confidence of Lizzie's womanly soul. We will hear Lizzie, the Professor always does almost always something in a fit of humor, or pride he will say nothing and that comes from his lip, is worth for Lizzie. Her hand bound with elasticity, and as she steps lightly around the house, within her feet in some happy strain of melody.

[The Professor continues.]

THE ANALYST:

A Weekly Family Paper, published on Wednesdays, 12 pages, and Social Improvement. Published by M. E. Atkinson, 105 North 1st Street, (Opposite) Cleveland, O. Sent by mail, \$1.00 per annum.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The following poem, by Miss M. E. Atkinson, was first published in the "Analyst," and is now published in this form.

Memory, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

The voice, I have not forgot thee,
The voice, and the fragrance, and the smile,
The tears, and the sigh, and the smile,
The voice, and the smile, and the smile.

WRITINGS OF WILLIAM GOODELL

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE, 12 pages, 10 cents.
THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE, 12 pages, 10 cents.
THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE, 12 pages, 10 cents.
THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE, 12 pages, 10 cents.

TERMS CASH

D. N. NICHOLSON, PRINTER, 19 W. 1st AVE. ST. CLEVELAND, OHIO.